

THE
JUDGMENT
OF
PARIS.

LONDON,

Printed for Jacob Tonson at Gray's-Inn-Gate, near
Gray's-Inn-Lane. 1763.

THE
JUDGMENT
OF
PARIS.



THE
JUDGMENT
OF
PARIS:
A
MASQUE.

Written by Mr. *Congreve*.

——— *Vincis utramque Venus. Ov. Art. Am. L. I.*

*Set severally to Musick, by Mr. John Eccles, Mr. Finger,
Mr. Purcel, and Mr. Weldon.*

*Invitat pretiis animos, & præmia ponit. Virg. Æn. 5.
Nemo ex hoc Numero——non donatus abibit. Ibid.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson at Gray's-Inn-Gate, next
Gray's-Inn-Lane. 1701.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS:

MASSOUE.



Written by Mr. Congreve.

—This is a translation of the original Latin.

Set severally to Music, by Mr. John Eccles, Mr. Finger,
Mr. Purcell, and Mr. Weldon.

Incipit prologus, & prologus ponit. Virg. Aen. 7.
Nemo ex hoc numero — non hominem ab ipso. Ibid.

L O N D O N.

Printed for Jacob Tonson at Gray's-Inn-Gate, next
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[1]

Arise and leave a while thy Rural care
 Forbear thy woolly flock to feed;
 And lay aside thy pastoral Reed;
 For thou to greater Honours art decreed.

Judgment of Paris.

A Masque.

*The SCENE is a Landskip of a beautiful Pasture sup-
 posed on Mount Ida. The Shepherd Paris is seen
 seated under a Tree, and playing on his Pipe; his
 Crook and Scrip, &c. lying by him. While a Sym-
 phony is playing, Mercury descends with his Ca-
 duceus in one Hand, and an Apple of Gold in the
 other: After the Symphony he sings.*

M E R C U R Y.

From high *Olympus* and the Realms above,
 Behold I come the Messenger of *Jove*;
 His dread Commands I bear,
 Shepherd arise and hear;

A

Arise

Arise and leave a while thy Rural care.
 Forbear thy woolly Flock to feed,
 And lay aside thy tuneful Reed;
 For thou to greater Honours art decreed.

O *Hermes* I thy Godhead know,
 By thy winged Heels and Head,
 By thy Rod that wakes the Dead,
 And guides the Shades below.
 Say wherefore dost thou seek this humble Plain,
 To greet a lowly Swain?
 What does the mighty Thunderer Ordain?

ME R C V R 7.

This Radiant Fruit behold,
 More bright then burnish'd Gold;
 Three Goddesses for this Contend,
 See now they descend,
 And this way they bend.

Shep-

Shepherd take the Golden Prize,
Yield it to the brightest Eyes.

(Juno, Pallas, and Venus, are seen at a distance
descending in several Machines.)

P A R I S.

O Ravishing Delight !

What Mortal can support the Sight ?

Alas too weak is Human Brain,

So much Rapture to Sustain.

I faint, I fall, O take me hence,

Ere Ecstasy invades my aking Sense:

Help me *Hermes* or I dye,

Save me from Excess of Joy.

M E R C U R Y.

Fear not Mortal, none shall harm thee,

With my Sacred Rod I'll Charm thee ;

Freely gaze and view all over,

Thou mayst every Grace discover.

Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not Mortal, none shall wound thee.

Happy thou of Human Race, (place;
For two Parts. Gods with thee would change their
Paris. With no God I'd change my Place,
Happy I of Human Race.

(Mercury ascends.)

*While a Symphony is playing, Juno descends from her
Machine, after the Symphony she Sings.*

J V N O.

Saturnia, Wife of Thundring Jove am I,
Belov'd by him, and Empress of the Sky;
Shepherd fix on me thy wondring Sight,
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

(Symphony for Pallas.)

P A L L A S.

This way Mortal bend thy Eyes,
Pallas claims the golden Prize;

A Virgin Goddess free from Stain,
And Queen of Arts, and Arms I Reign.

(*Symphony for Venus.*)

V E N U S.

Hither turn thee gentle Swain,
Let not *Venus* sue in vain;
Venus rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, and she rules Love,
Hither turn thee gentle Swain;

P A L L A S.

Hither turn to me again ;

J U N O.

Turn to me for I am she,

[67]

A L L 3.

To me, to me, for I am she,

V E N U S.

Hither turn thee Gentle Swain

F U N O 2
P A L L 3

She will deceive thee,

V E N U S.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee,

*Chorus of
all 3.*

Hither turn to me again,

To me, to me, for I am she

Hither turn thee Gentle Swain.

P A R I S.

Distracted I turn, but I cannot decide,

So equal a Title sure never was try'd,

United

United your Beauties, so dazle the Sight,
 That lost in amaze,
 I giddily gaze,
 Confus'd and o'rewhelm'd with a Torrent of Light.

II.

Apart let me View then each Heavenly fair,
 For three at a time there's no Mortal can bear;
 And since a gay Robe an ill shape may disguise,
 When each is undrest
 I'll judge of the best,
 For tis not a face that must carry the Prize.

7 V N. O. Sings.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
 Thou wert born o're Men to Reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns

United your Beauties, to dash the Sight,
That lost in amaze,

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread,
Joys in Circles Joys shall meet,
Which way ere thy fancy's Lead.

Apart let me View then each Heavenly Fair,
For there at a time there's no Mortal can bear;

III.

Let not Toyls of Empire fright,
(Toils of Empire pleasures are)
Thou shalt only know delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

IV. W. W. sings.

Shepherd if thou'lt yield the Prize,
For the Blessings I bestow,
Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
Happy thou shalt Reign below.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o're Me to Reign,
Not to follow Flocks design'd,
So in thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

CHORUS.

*Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
 Thou wert born o're Men to Reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy Crook and leave the Plain.*

P A L L A S Sings alone.

I.

*Awake, awake, thy Spirits raise,
 Wast not thus thy youthful days,
 Pipeing, Toying,
 Nymphs decoying,
 Lost in wanton and Inglorious ease.*

II.

*Hark, Hark! the glorious Voice of War,
 Calls aloud for Arms prepare,*

B

Drums

Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial Musick charms the joyful Air.

Symphony.

P A L L A S Sings.

O what Joys does Conquest yield !
When returning from the Field,
Oh how glorious 'tis to see
The Godlike Hero Crown'd with Victory !
Lawrel Wreaths his Head surrounding,
Banners waving in the Wind,
Fame her golden Trumpet sounding,
Every Voice in Chorus joyn'd,
To me kind Swain the Prize resign,
And Fame and Conquest shall be thine :

CHORUS.

O how glorious 'tis to see,
The God-like Hero Crown'd with Victory !

Sympha-

[11]

(*Symphony.*)

V E N U S Sings alone.

Stay lovely Youth, delay thy Choice,
Take heed lest empty Names enthrall thee,
Attend to *Cythereas* Voice;
Lo! I who am Loves Mother call thee.
Far from thee be anxious Care:
And racking Thoughts that vex the Great,
Empires but a gilded Snare,
And fickle is the Warriours Fate;
One only Joy Mankind can know,
And Love alone can that bestow.

C H O R U S.

One only Joy, &c.

B 2

V E N U S

VENUS Sings.

I.

Nature fram'd thee sure for Loving,
 Thus adorn'd with every Grace;
Venus self thy Form approving,
 Looks with Pleasure on thy Face.

II.

Happy Nymph who shall enfold thee,
 Circled in her yielding Arms!
 Should bright *Hellen* once behold thee,
 She'd surrender all her Charms.

III.

Fairest she, all Nymphs transcending,
 That the Sun himself has seen,

Were

Were she for the Crown contending,
Thou wou'dst own her beauties Queen.

IV.

Gentle Shepherd if my Pleading,
Can from thee the Prize obtain,
Love himself thy Conquest aiding,
Thou that Matchless Fair shalt gain.

P A R I S.

I yield, I yield, O take the Prize,
And cease, O cease, th' enchanting Song,
All Loves Darts are in thy Eyes,
And Harmony falls from thy Tongue.

Forbear O Goddess of desire,
Thus my ravish'd Soul to move,
Forbear to fan the raging Fire,
And be propitious to my Love.

Here Paris gives to Venus the golden Apple. Several Cupids descend, the three Graces alight from the Chariot of Venus, they call the Howrs, who assemble; with all the Attendants on Venus. All joyn in a Circle

*cle round her, and sing the last grand Chorus; while
Juno and Pallas ascend.*

GRAND CHORUS.

Hither all ye Graces, all ye Loves;

Hither all ye hours resort,

Billing Sparrows, Cooing Doves;

Come all the train of Venus Court.

Sing all great Cythereas Name;

Over Empire, over Fame,

Her Victory proclaim.

Sing and spread the joyful News around,

The Queen of Love, is Queen of Beauty Cround.

FINIS.